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[EXTRACT FROM THE LONDON TIMES.]

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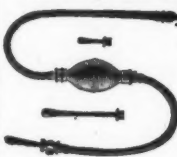
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THE WRONG PERSON.

Old Bachelor (very near-sighted): WHERE'S YOUR HUSBAND?

Charming Widow (twin sister of the other lady): I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW.



"AN UNPLEASANT SCRAPE."

THE Farmington Society, in Chicago, sew for the poor.

Young ladies nowadays are not instructed in the fashioning of plain garments as in the days of our grandmothers, and some of the articles evolved by the brains and fingers of the society's fair members are, to put it gently, unique. It fell to Mrs. X., the wife of one of Chicago's best known men to distribute some of the articles among poor families. One woman held up a certain garment, and after looking at it said: "I may be poor, but thank God I am not deformed!"

OUT OF THE FASHION.—A dressmaker's profits.



MORE TO HIS TASTE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXI. MARCH 2, 1893. No. 531.
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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



JUDGE GRESHAM and Mr. Carlisle, the two most distinguished prospective members of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, are both quoted as sorely averse to taking their new places. "Every hope I have cherished," said Mr. Carlisle when his portfolio was offered him, "would be dashed to pieces by my going into this cabinet," and Judge Gresham

has spoken with almost as much feeling of his contentment with his judgship in Chicago, and his deep disinclination to move to Washington.

There is no reason to question the sincerity of these gentlemen's reluctance, and it is an encouragement in these material times to find such men governed by such a sense of political duty. Unhappily, there is altogether too much reason why they should both be shy of the important jobs for which Mr. Cleveland has selected them. In both places the pay is poor, the expenses great, the work hard, and the prospect of mundane reward remote and meagre. To be sure there is the glory, but both Gresham and Carlisle have enough of that already on deposit.

LIFE hopes that neither of them will find the cabinet such a bad place as he expects, or his service with Mr. Cleveland a bar to future usefulness. Even in recent times cases have been known when cabinet officers have been of some use afterwards—Mr. Whitney for example, and certainly if ever the political hoodoo that infests cabinets is to be dislodged, it is to just such reluctantly conscientious appointees as Carlisle and Gresham that we must look to do it.

Meanwhile we hope they may find temporary solace in the reflection that neither Col. Dan. Lamont, nor Col. Hoke Smith believe themselves to be going into Mr. Cleveland's cabinet for purposes of interment.



IF the respected Union Theological Seminary, of this town, has any purpose of calling the religious editor of LIFE to its chair of systematic theology, we hope that it will abandon it permanently and at once. Knowing that the chair was vacant, LIFE has had occasion to look into the conditions of its occupancy, and has been somewhat shocked to discover that of three eminent divines who have lately been invited to take it, all have come to abrupt and untimely ends. Of these three gentlemen, the first declined, but not in time to save his life; the second accepted, but fell before reaching the work; the third had scarcely got into the chair before he, too, received a peremptory summons. So virulent was the action of the systematic theological bacillus in the case of the last gentleman, that two physicians who attended him—one in New York and one in Lakewood—have also succumbed.

LIFE begs to suggest that something be done to disinfect this chair before it is used any more. Meanwhile, as observed, it would prefer that not even an offer of it should be made to our own religious editor, who is satisfied with his pay, and feels that he is doing a good work where he is. If the chair must be filled again immediately, we would suggest as a proper occupant, the present religious editor of the New York Sun, who is a remarkably sturdy theologian and well fitted to make such a contest with the Union Seminary's microbes as would be bound to have good results whichever way it went.

* * *



IN a contemporaneous description of the new Astor hotel on Fifth Avenue, which is to be opened by a reception for charity in mid-Lent, it is recorded that "the first sleeping-floor is given over to state apartments, and are not to be rented to anybody permanently under any consideration, being intended for state occasions."

LIFE takes pleasure (without charge) in recommending these very desirable apartments to the attention of our British friend, Mr. W. Waldorf Astor, who is credited by the contemporary press with the purpose of "bringing a party of English noblemen to America, who will visit the fair and other points of interest, and who will be royally entertained during their stay."



SLAVERY'S LEGACY.

RECORD OF ONE FEBRUARY DAY
FIVE NEGROES LYNCHED IN VIRGINIA;
ONE BURNT AT THE STAKE IN TEXAS.

FEBRUARY

PREPARED FOR
HIS SUCCESSOR



A VAIN ATTEMPT.

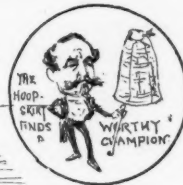


REVIVAL OF THE
GOOD OLD TIMES
IN
KANSAS.



"O IT IS EXCELLENT
TO HAVE A GIANT'S STRENGTH, BUT IT IS TYRANNOUS
TO USE IT LIKE A GIANT."

freedom



BOOKISHNESS

A CASE OF JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

TO measure the achievement of a story like F. Marion Crawford's "Children of the King" (Macmillan), one must look at it backwards. For while you are reading it, the movement of the tale is so gentle, with such an accompaniment of sunshine and pleasure-making, that it seems like a holiday in and around the Bay of Naples. You make the acquaintance of *Ruggiero* and *Beatrice* so leisurely that, for a time, the beauty of the stage-setting is more to the reader than the drama. You are lulled into gentle reverie also by the gracefulness of the style which has caught a great deal of the flow and rhythm of a Romance language. You are content that the tale should go on peacefully, and end in nothing but a flirtation, like any other summer holiday.

But if one looks at the story in the light of the catastrophe of its end, one sees how inevitable it is. It is as though the author said to himself "What kind of a man will commit a deliberate murder for the sake of the woman he loves, and retain the sympathies of the reader (who is not a sentimentalist) to the very end? And the man murdered is not to be a repulsive villain, but an attractive man of the world."

Now that is a very pretty problem for a clever writer to solve. Perhaps it can only be solved in Thackeray's Fable Land, where all things happen as we wish them to. No doubt if we were in Sorrento on a holiday, and should read in the morning paper the account of this murder, we should affirm promptly that "*Ruggiero* did wrong and was a great sinner and a murderer and a suicide," and ought to burn "in unquenchable fire."

But while we are in Fable Land we are inclined to agree with Mr. Crawford that "he was a man, strong, whole-hearted, willing to give all, as he gave it, without asking. And perhaps if some of us could be like *Ruggiero* in all but his end, we should be better than we are, and truer and more worthy to win the love of a woman, and better able to, keep it."

TO create and intensify an illusion like this which is contrary to the judgment and prejudices of enlightened people, the author has used his literary art in a very skilful way. You are shown the inheritance of a fine, chivalric strain in *Ruggiero* which is indicated by the survival of the quaint old name which designates him as one of the "Children of the King." Then there is the utter misery of his childhood which intensifies his emotions, and makes him seek the shortest way to attaining any object. For him right and wrong are a matter of feeling and not of law or conventionality.

Give a child like this the freedom of the sea and a body of great natural strength, and the result will be a man of immense silent force, who, when possessed of a passion, will only have one idea which will master him. That is why *Ruggiero* deliberately murdered *San Miniato* to save *Beatrice* from a life of unhappiness. Plenty worse men than *San Miniato* are allowed to live and marry beautiful women, and make them reasonably comfortable for life. And we should hardly agree to have them all drowned. Yet some of them would not be missed.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

WANDERERS. The Poems of William Winter. New York and London: Macmillan and Company. *Dean Swift and His Writings.* By Gerald P. Moriarity, B. A. Imported by Charles Scribners Sons.

The Horsewoman. By Alice M. Hayes. Edited by M. Horace Hayes, F. R. C. V. S. Imported by Charles Scribners Sons.

The Humour of France, Germany and Italy. Three volumes, illustrated. Imported by Charles Scribners Sons.

The Romance of an Hour. By Leopold Stapleaux. Chicago: N. C. Smith Publishing Company.



"I SAY, MARIAR, IT MUST BE PURTY DURN COLD SNEAKIN' UP THEM STAIRS TO BED THESE WINTER NIGHTS!"

OF COURSE SHE KNEW IT.

HARRY: Does she know you love her?

FRED: She can't help knowing it. Why, she told me she had \$20,000 a year.

MAMMA (*pathetically*): What would my little girl do if I should die?

LITTLE FLOSSIE: I don't know; I suppose I should have to spank myself.

MARIE TEMPEST.

ALTHOUGH English, Miss Marie Tempest could hardly be classed as an undesirable immigrant. Other persons have come from the British Isles whom these United States might spare far better than the subject of the adjacent sketch.

Miss Tempest's first act on coming into this world was prophetic of her future career. It was an attempt to reach high C, and was so successful that her parents and attendant were very much gratified. To be sure, there was no financial return from this effort, but it demonstrated the possession of lungs and vocal powers which have often since enabled Miss Tempest to change notes into gold.

LIFE does not propose to tell when Miss Tempest was born. In the first place, it doesn't know, and in the second place, a woman's age is altogether too serious a matter for a humorous weekly to have anything to do with. Suffice it to say Miss Tempest is no older than she looks, and, judging by her public appearances, she is no older than she feels; both of which facts ought to be satisfactory to the public. As an artist, she has a faculty of smoothing all the wrinkles out of her audience and turning them into dimples of pleasure.

Our artist has graphically portrayed the lady in the very act of penetrating a dude with her foil, and as she comes from the land of London *Punch*, we feel justified in saying that she could not foil to do this every time she tried.

AN OLD TRUTH RE-STATED.

SHE: I believe you don't care for me as much as you say you do. With you, I think, it is "out of sight, out of mind."

HE (earnestly): You are right, for when you are out of my sight, I am out of my mind.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

ST. PETER: Why is everyone so uneasy.

GABRIEL: There's a collector at the gate and wants to get in.

THE trouble with the labor agitator is that he wants to become the capitalist whom he hates.

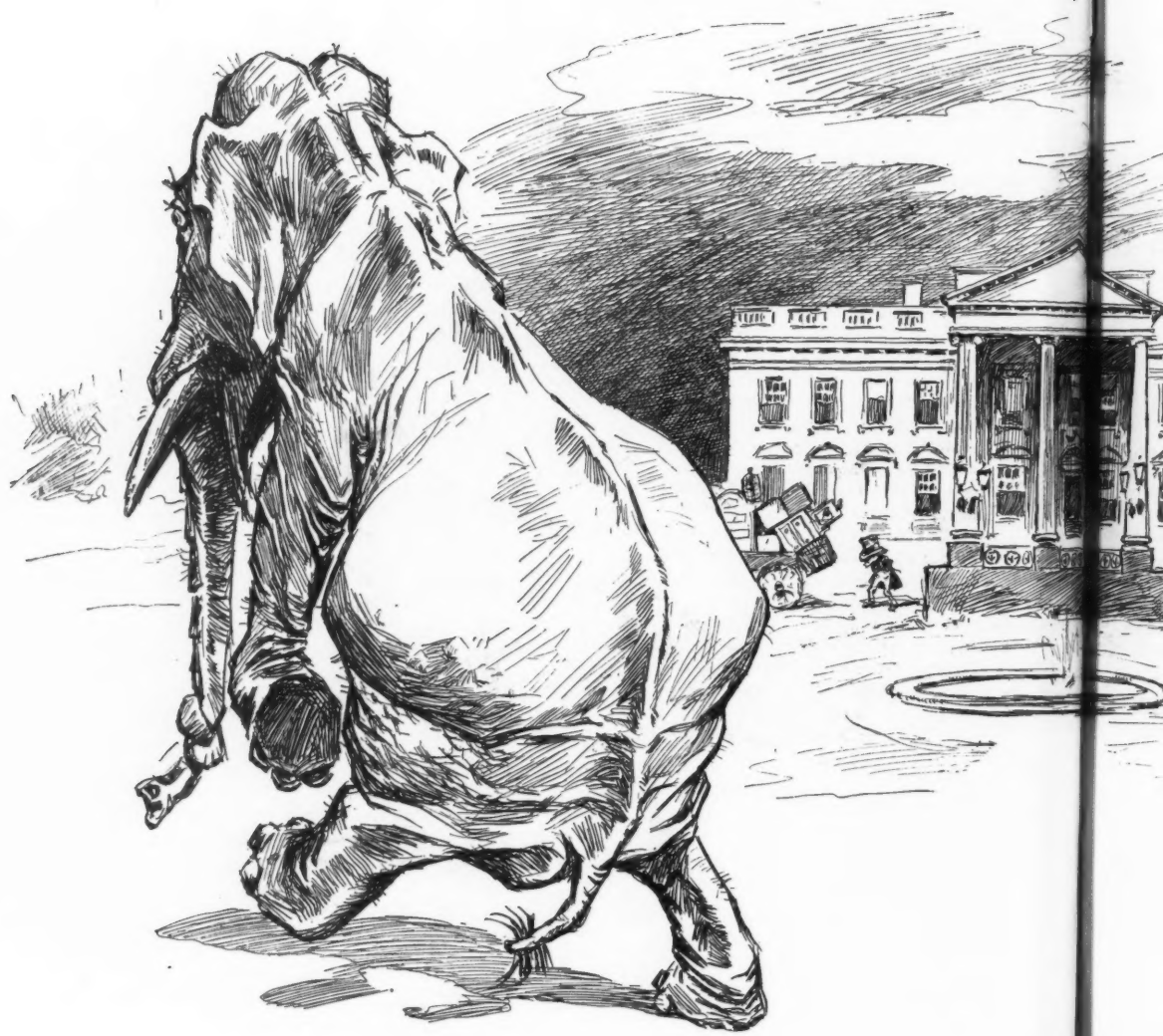


MARIE TEMPEST.

FIRST ARTIST: Well, old man, how's business?

SECOND ARTIST: Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly.

FIRST ARTIST (pleasantly): Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job.



C. D. Gibson

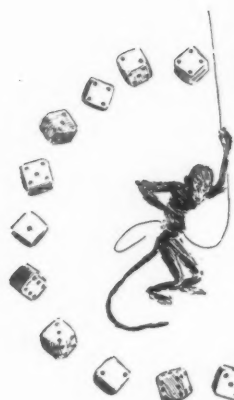
MARCH FOURTH COMES IN LIKE A LION AND GOES OUT LIKE A LAMB



RED.
LIKE A TIGER AND GOES OUT LIKE AN ELEPHANT.



"THE SPORTSMAN."



THE vicissitudes of a gentleman with a weakness for gambling, which he tries to conceal from his wife, furnish the basis for the large amount of fun which is crowded into "The Sportsman," now being performed at the Standard Theatre.

This piece has gone through the same peculiar process which has furnished several laughing successes to the American stage. That is, it was written by a Frenchman, with the scene laid in France, and then translated and adapted to the requirements of the English-speaking inhabitants of the world, by having the scenes transferred to England. They might equally well be located in the United States or Patagonia,



Jack: SAY, BILL, WE'VE BEEN IN HARD LUCK LATELY, AIN'T WE?

Bill: WE HAVE, OLD MAN.

Jack: I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO. YOU INSURE YOUR LIFE IN MY FAVOR FOR \$10,000, AND I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

Bill: WELL, WHAT GOOD'LL THAT DO US?

Jack: WHY, WE'LL JUST LOAD UP OUR GUNS, AND STEP OFF THIRTY PACES SOMEWHERE AND SEE WHO GETS THE MONEY.



SHE GAVE CAUSE.

He: DO YOU BELIEVE THAT LOVE CAN EXIST WITHOUT JEALOUSY?

She: NOT IN ANY AFFAIR IN WHICH I TAKE PART.

but the American manager, and the American public for that matter, are entirely content to have their plays dished up in this dressing. We don't say this in criticism. When you come to think of it, though, it seems peculiar, although it is a tribute to their cosmopolitanism, that Americans do not insist that plays should be especially treated for American consumption, instead of being treated especially to suit the English market.

There is no denying though that "The Sportsman" is funny. It makes no pretence to teaching any moral lesson, or to being anything but amusing. Simply to make people laugh is a thoroughly legitimate function of the stage, and the pessimist or dyspeptic who witnesses such a piece is really the better for it.

The cast is excellent. The long and difficult part of *Harry Briscoe*, the "sportsman," is admirably filled by Mr. Joseph Holland. *Mrs. Briscoe* is played by Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore. Although the hard work incidental to the part is evidently a heavy strain on her physical powers, she gives it a dash and effectiveness possible only from few American actresses. Mr. Kennedy, as the family friend and foe, *Dr. Holroyd*, does well, and Miss Tittell develops a lot

of telling eccentricity in *Mrs. Fritchley*, a London lodging-house keeper. Miss Craven is effective in the part of *Emily*, but would be more so if she didn't twist her pretty face into so many different shapes.

"The Sportsman" is a success, and *LIFE*, believing that this world cannot have too much innocent laughter, is glad of it.

Metcalf.

* * *

MR. PLUNKET GREENE, a young basso not too profundo, made his début on Friday afternoon, February 17th, at Music Hall. Mr. Greene comes from England with a flourish of trumpets, which, however, goes for nothing, as we are well accustomed to the vagaries of English taste by this time. He has a pleasant voice and sings very acceptably, but as he is nothing out of the ordinary it is hardly likely the American public will get excited over him. The real interest of the concert centered in young Marteau, who is well worth any amount of applause and enthusiasm. Mr. Damrosch's accompaniments are so delightful it is cause for regret that he does not appear as a pianist.



The Fiancée: NO TWO PERSONS THINK ALIKE, I SUPPOSE.

The Caller: YOU'LL NOT SAY THAT WHEN YOU SEE YOUR WEDDING PRESENTS COMING IN.



OUR PASTOR'S BIRTHDAY.

NOT A WORD YET.

3033'S WHEREABOUTS A MYSTERY.

EXPERIENCED NAVIGATORS AT A LOSS—FAINT
HOPE GROWS DIMMER—THE RELIEF
EXPEDITION HAS STARTED.

We are pained to state that no further news has been received from the missing 3033, of the Fifth Avenue Stage Line. All now is conjecture. She may be anywhere between here and Halifax and the other place. A pious reader has suggested that daily prayer be offered in the churches for the safety of 3033 and those on board. We see no objection to this.

Experienced persons who have navigated Fifth Avenue in all kinds of weather and with all kinds of loads, are at a loss to suggest a solution to the mystery. A member of the Manhattan Club writes to inform us that he believes the Republican pirates who infest the Union League Club have seized 3033 and are holding the passengers for ransom against the hard times that are coming to them after the fourth of March. We reject this theory as probably being the outgrowth of partisan spite.

It is against LIFE'S rule to pay any attention to anonymous letters, but we have an idea who wrote the following communication, and as soon as our suspicions are confirmed we shall take the proper steps.

NEW YORK, March 1st.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

I am surprised and indignant at your course with reference to the not remarkable delay of 3033 of the Fifth Avenue Stage Line. Among the friends of those on board you have created almost a panic, and you have given many persons unpleasant thoughts concerning a gentleman who is not only one of the most brilliant editors of the century, but is as well and simultaneously a Christian who hides his light under a bushel and a philanthropist who is afraid to let his right hand know what his left hand is doing.

I have reason to know that the horses of 3033 had been fed at least twice within the fortnight preceding the departure from the stable, and that the driver was equipped with a particularly strong whip. If you think that stage horses should be fed three times a day on canvas-back ducks and *paté de foie gras*, it shows that you don't know much about running a stage line at a profit. See Job vii, 17-19.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

A TURKISH BATH INCIDENT.



"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, LADIES,



I AM ONLY THE BEARDED LADY FROM SMITH'S MUSEUM."

AT THE GATES.

NEW ARRIVAL: What is that angel weeping about in the corner?
ST. PETER: That's Columbus. He just seen a set of Wana-maker's stamps.

TAKEN IN.

IT was St. Valentine went by,
So tattered bent and thin,
That pretty maids ran drow in haste
To let the gray beard in.
They stirred the fire to a blaze,
They warmed his heart with wine,
His chilly cheek with many a kiss—
O, ho! St. Valentine!

And laughing to himself he sat
Those gentle souls among,
While all day long about his chair
With sweet ado they hung.
Poor silly boy! He might have guessed
They saw his wings ashine
Beneath the ragged cloak he wore
To play St. Valentine!

M. E. W.

LACK OF RESPECT.

IRATE OLD GENTLEMAN (*from the country*): I shall never call on those young ladies again.

SYMPATHIZING FRIEND: And why?

IRATE OLD GENTLEMAN: They did not ask me to remove my hat.

ADVERTISEMENT IN A COLORADO NEWSPAPER.

MRS. —, the eminent revivalist, will lecture in Durku Hall, Sunday afternoon next, on "From Hell to Heaven." The elevator will run from 2 to 4.



POSSIBLY.

"I MUST HAVE BEEN HUNTING FOR A MATCH WHEN I GOT HOME LAST NIGHT."



BREACH OF PROMISE ETHICS.

"BUT WHY DON'T YOU LET HIM GO IF YOU FEEL SO CERTAIN YOUR MARRIAGE WOULD BE A FAILURE?"

"OH, I WANT TO COMPROMISE FOR FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR."

AUTHOR: Well, what do you think of my new drama?
FRIENDLY CRITIC: Splendid! The villain in particular is admirably portrayed. The very words he utters are stolen!

A LADY, blonde, refined, accomplished in Celtic ballads, desires an appointment to cook in the family of a gentleman of social and political influence, whose wife's receiving days do not conflict with her own. Children's and guests' meals extra. Would remain not less than three years if satisfied. References exchanged. 4 Mulligan Flats, Murphy's Bell.

"THE last thing I sent to LIFE," said Melancholicus, "was accepted immediately."
"What!" cried Scribe in astonishment, "what was it?"
"A check for an annual subscription."



NOT A FALSE REPORT.



HIS CHOICE FOR STRAIGHT AND PLACE.

I WANT to be a robin,
And it would just suit me,
While all the birds are singing there,
To perch upon the tree.
But if I cannot be the bird,
With breast of red, why then,
With eggs at forty cents a doz.,
I'd gladly be a hen.

Minneapolis Journal.

THE following anecdotes were related recently by a prominent rabbi in a lecture on Jewish humor: One of the many Hebrew apologies that had been preserved, referred to the creation of woman. The Emperor Hadrian was described as conversing with a rabbi on various religious questions. With the object of casting ridicule on the Bible, Hadrian exclaimed: "Why, your God is represented therein as a thief, for he surprised Adam in his sleep and robbed him of one of his ribs." The rabbi's daughter, who was present, craved permission to reply, and when her request was granted, she said:

"Let me implore thine imperial protection. A great outrage has been inflicted upon us."

"What has happened?" asked the emperor.
She answered: "In the darkness of night an audacious thief broke into our house. He took a silver flagon from our chest of plate, and left a golden one in its place."

"Would that such a robber would visit my palace every day!" said Hadrian.

"And was not the Creator such a thief as this?" retorted the girl, "for he stole from Adam a rib, and in lieu thereof gave unto him a living, lovely wife."

Heine called himself one of the first men of the century; he was born on the eve of the new year's day, 1800. He came into conflict with the religion of his race, not from conviction, but because, as he said, "a certificate of baptism was then the only card of admission to the charmed circle of European culture." Yet he was always proud to have sprung from Judea. Speaking of his inability to acquire proficiency in the Hebrew tongue, he said: "I could never get on so far in Hebrew as my watch, which, by much familiar intercourse with pawnbrokers, has contracted many Jewish habits; it will never go on Saturday." Among his many shrewd comments upon French politics, was one which was not inappropriate to the present crisis. He said: "In other countries when a man is dissatisfied with his government, he emigrates; in France he requires the government to emigrate."

"Death is the best physician," said a Hebrew patient to his too assiduous medical man.

"Why?" inquired the doctor.

"Because he pays only one visit."

On the stock exchange, the following dialogue was heard: "Mr. Moses, what would you advise me to buy to-day?"

"What a question! I should recommend you to buy some thermometers. They are very low to-day, and are sure to rise in time."—Argonaut.

PAT O'BRIEN is one of the most faithful furniture movers in the city. He was sent up to Huntington avenue the other day with a sideboard for Mrs. Marlborough, and he took a man with him. Now Mrs. M. has a hardwood floor, bright and glossy, like wax. But Pat didn't think of that. He and Mike carried the sideboard along the floor, put it into place, and were just leaving when Mrs. Marlborough came in. She gazed at the man and then at the floor. The hard wood was dotted with little dents. Mrs. M. nearly cried.

"Pat," she said, in a horrified tone, "just look at that floor. What sort of nails have you in your boots?"

Pat blushed. "Faith, mum, and Oi'd have to take off me stockings to show yer, mum."—Ex.

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For the Nursery,
For the Bath,
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